

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAX'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME I.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 24, 1825.

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THE REPOSITORY.

[The following is copied from the "New York Mirror and Ladies' Literary Gazette," published in New York, by George F. Morris. It is the prize Essay, entitled its author to the reward of 20 dollars, offered some time since by Mr. M. as a premium to the writer of the best essay for its valuable and interesting Miscellany. Eight essays were accepted by the committee appointed to judge of their merits and award the premium.]

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES LUDLOW, RICHMOND, VA.

I have seen a bubble blown into its circular and indiscribable beauty; on its brilliant surface were painted the most inimitable pictures of light and life; graceful clouds floated in the bosom of the mimic sky; a tiny sun irradiated the little world, and cast all the magic of light and shade over landscape of most bewitching splendor. A creation, bright as a poet could imagine, glowed before me; but a wave of the air broke the spell of its transitory, but beautiful existence, and it was gone.—It was like the dream of love. If there is one happy being in creation, it is the lover in the luxury of his visionary aspiration—if there is a single blissful moment, like a star sparkling in the shadowy firmament of life, it is that which discovers a long nourished affection to be mutual.

The moon, as she rides through her infinity of space, has not a greater effect upon the ocean tide, than has the passion of love upon the tide of human thought—now permitting it to settle down into a state of temporary tranquillity—again bidding it heave and swell, by the magic of its viewless power.—Without it, what would be the world? As a creation without light; yet, possessing it, as we do, how does it discompose the soberest plans of reason? How do the loftiest bulwarks of stern philosophy bow down and disappear before the fragrance of its breath? It is the poetry of thought, when reason slumbers on her stately throne, or wanders away in happy dreams. It is scarcely to be defined, for it seems in a perpetual haze of soft light, which dazzles while it fascinates the mind's eye. It is to the spirit what sunshine is to the flower—luring the fragrance from its bosom, and bringing out all the energies of its young nature, or as the hand of beauty to the slumbering lute passing over the silent chords, till "it doth discourse most eloquent music."

I had a young friend just rising into manhood—fiery and unsettled as the warrior steed in battle, his career was unguided by prudence or thought. A never failing flow of spirits, made him always agreeable—he was full of sense and frolic. He could bring a tear into your eye, before the smile had left your lips—he was all hope and happiness.

Suddenly he stood before me an altered being—his eye had grown melancholy and full of meditation. Its moisture was often succeeded by a flash; and its fire again extinguished in the trembling tear. He shunned the rude clamor of the bustling world, and would steal away into some solitary recess, and in the still shade of the forest ponder on the sweetness of his own sorrow. His mind became almost a world of itself, and thousands of visions rose obedient at the call of creative thought—his soul, lifted high on fancy's wing, would explore in its wild and beautiful career, the fathomless regions of imagination, through all the variety of its magnificent domain. He loved—deeply, devotedly. It was more than love; it was adoration. The object of his passion was all that woman could be. There is no object in creation, half so splendid as such a being—the charms that are diffused through the whole universe seemed gathered together in her.

When the sun is going down in the west, he leaves behind him a track of bright light, but it is insipid when compared to the light of her eye. The fragrance of the rose was not so delicious as the warmth of her breath, and music could make no melody like the thrilling tones of her voice. Her motion was more graceful than the heave of the sea, or the change of the cloud, and the magic of mind gleaming through all her words, and looks, and actions, shed around her a charm more grateful than Arabian incense.

No wonder my hero bowed down before her; no wonder that the sound of her voice was always in his ear, that her image was before him in his daily occupations, and bore a part in all the mysterious changes of his dream. There was no affection in her nature, and she confessed she loved him—they seemed created for each other—and who would have believed that fate—but I am digressing.

There is something very melancholy in the reflection that any woman can die; but to him that she should perish, was the very agony of despair. He had left her for a few days, intending when he returned to have asked her hand. On the morning of his return, he sprang into the stage coach, in a most delicious reverie. He held no discourse with his fellow passengers, but wrapt himself up in a rich dream of anticipation. His heart was full of happiness. He thought himself, as he entered his house, too happy for a mortal man. He was preparing to pay her the first visit, and dwelling in his mind on her pleasing welcome, when her brother came to see him—he did not observe any thing peculiar about him at first, and not till the warm and affectionate shake of the

hand was over, did he notice that his eyes were filled with tears, and a dismal, gloomy, black crape hung from his hat. He started, and in a hollow voice, that had a desolate dreariness in every tone, he said,

"Elizabeth is dead!"

At first he was not comprehended. A vacant, horrid laugh, that echoed strangely thro' the still room, was his only answer—then he repeated the words, and the features of my friend became pale and motionless as marble—then he sat down in a chair and covered his face with his hands, but not a word—a breath broke the silence—there was something alarming in his calmness; it seemed like the silence of the heavy, black cloud, just before it launches its destructive lightning from its bosom. He beckoned, and wished to be alone. He was left in solitude—I would not profane the subject by any attempt to describe his feelings.—There was a dark, horrible confusion in his mind, like some accursed dream glaring around him, and the night rolled away its long hours of sleepless agony.

The next day was the funeral, and when the sun rose in his same glory, and all the "pomp and circumstance" of day began to beam upon the face of nature, and the merry voice of men sometimes came upon the breeze, and the carts rattled rudely along, and all around was business, and adventure, unaffected by the great event that had come like an ocean of scorching fire upon the paradise of his heart—he recollected, and said, "to day is her funeral—her funeral!" His benumbed mind dwelt upon the words, but there was something undefined, and almost incomprehensible in them. She was to be buried at five in the afternoon. The clock struck four—he put on his hat, and went steadily to her house. He thought twenty times he heard her sweetly toned, laughing voice, as he passed along. He turned his head once or twice to see if she was not at his shoulder, but there was nothing, and he walked on. He saw the house, and his eye sought every window—but Elizabeth was not there. He rang the bell—the servant came weeping—he looked at him, and walked on—he passed into the parlour—the chair which she had occupied when he was there before, was standing in the very same place—and there was her piano—he almost thought he heard music—he listened; a sob from the next room came like ice upon his heart, and he sat down. Her mother came into the room—her face was serene in grief, but the first burst was over, and she was comparatively calm. She asked him if he would look at the corpse. He knew she was dead, but the blunt question shook every nerve in his frame, and seemed to breathe death upon his soul. He arose and followed the bereaved mother. There was the air of death in the apartment, and a varnished coffin was on the table, a white cloth flung carefully at the head; a few friends sat and wept in silence, rousing on the beauties and virtues of the being they were about to consign to the cold earth. He walked up to the table and stood as still, and pale, and motionless, as the form that lay stretched before him. He would have torn away the veil that covered that face, but he could not—he felt that he might as well have attempted to heave a mountain from its rocky base. The mother saw—she felt—a mother can feel—and she silently uncovered that beautiful countenance. It broke upon him in all its loveliness. There was the same white forehead—the sleeping eye—the cheek he had kissed so fondly—the lips that had spoken such sweet sounds—he gazed at her corpse with intensity of thought. Her living image was before him—he saw her smiling—he beheld her in the graceful motion—now her figure passed before him, beautiful in the mazy dance—and now he gazed into her full black eyes, and read unutterable things. He had a ring on his finger, a present from her—he tried to speak—he looked at the ring, then at her—agony swelled his heart; he gave one long gaze—and looked no more.

He knew not how, but he stood by her grave; and they were bearing the coffin towards the dark narrow pit—a heap of fresh earth was piled at its side. Some one said, "Where are the cords?" He heard the answer, "here they are;" and then the coffin was gradually let down into the bottom of the grave—it sat firmly on the ground, and he heard a voice say, "there, that is right—draw up the rope." Then there was the sound, as if the orders were obeyed—in the act of doing it, a few grains of sand and pebble dropped upon the coffin—then all was still—then a handful of soft, damp, heavy clay, was shovelled down.—Oh, that sound! that solemn, dreary sound of utter desolation! It broke the horrid spell that kept his voice silent and his eye dry—his lip began to quiver—a sob heaved his aching breast—large tears gushed from his eyes—he stretched out his hands in an agony of weeping—and grasped an old quaker gentleman's nose, in the stage-coach where he was sleeping, and gave occasion for Obadiah to observe:

"Verily, friend, when thou hast sufficiently amused thyself with my nose, perhaps thou wilt return it to its rightful owner."

The whole horrible creation of his fancy passed away like a mist; his heart bounded

within him, and he soon took sweet revenge upon those wicked heaps that had been so cold and still; yet so beautiful, in the darkness of his dream.

From the National Aegis.

DEATH OF MAJOR WALDRON.

The following interesting facts are collected from Mather, Hutchinson, Belknap, Church and Hubbard. While the Eastern settlements were involved in all the horrors of savage warfare, while the blaze of villages rose on the darkness, and the winds of the night bore mingled groans of the dying and the exulting shouts of victors, the Northern colonies did not rest in the quiet of repose.

The combination projected by the wily Philip, although it had failed in accomplishing its object, the total destruction of the White Men, had been the signal for the commencement of hostilities from the South even to the most distant North. The husbandman went forth to cultivate his fields, armed as if for battle; the musket and the sword were the companions of his pillow, and often his slumbers were disturbed, when the war whoops rose on the silence of the evening, like the shouts of fiends escaped for a time from their torments.

Besides the common cause of hatred to the English, that united the tribes of the territory then under the jurisdiction of the Plymouth government, the Eastern Indians had been irritated by numerous insults. On the banks of the beautiful river Saco, that wanders about through a rich and fertile interval, describing a course as winding as that of a butterfly, roving in a single township a distance of thirty miles, returns again within two of the point where it first entered its limits, was the seat of a native chieftain named Squando. The wife of this savage prince, while rowing her bark canoe on the stream with her infant, was met by a party of whites. To gratify a cruel curiosity, they threw the child into the water that they might ascertain whether it would float or sink. The mother plunged after it, and rescued it from a watery grave, but it did not long survive the injury. Other outrages were added to exhaust the measures of forbearance, and within twenty days of the alarm in Massachusetts, the attack was commenced in the limits of the now State of New-Hampshire.

Among those most distinguished in repelling the onsets of the Indians and inflicting vengeance for their outrages, was Major Richard Waldron, then commanding a Regiment of the Militia of the Province. By his undaunted bravery, his consummate address, and stern resolution, he gained so many successes, over his foes and made his name such a terror, that they at length, wearied by continued reverses, sued for peace, and treaty was concluded with them. The affairs of Philip had become desperate and in August, 1676, the bold Sachem of Mount Haup, was slain by Captain Church. His warriors perished with him, or fled to their Eastern neighbors for refuge. The convention entered into of the conclusion of peace was soon violated by the avarice and injustice of the Whites, and hostilities broke out on the frontiers. But they were speedily repressed by an act of singular perfidy. The Eastern chiefs with their blowers had paid a visit to Major Waldron whom they still called their friend and father, and were treating with him in their own metaphorical language of burying the hatchet and of making a peace that should endure while the grass should be green and the rivers flow. The numerous body of four hundred were received as guests, and confided in the good faith of their host. On the arrival of two companies of soldiers, the Major resolved to crush their strength. He proposed to them to perform a sham fight and having fired the first volley unsuspecting of deceit, they were surrounded, made prisoners and disarmed without spilling a drop of blood. Wonalancet and his tribe, whose friendship had been uniform, were dismissed; but two hundred men, many of them refugees from the slaughter of their Southern countrymen, were held in captivity; seven or eight of them were hanged and the remainder sold into slavery.

There were not wanting other causes of offence. The Baron St. Castine, a gentleman of ancient family, had abandoned the vine covered hills and green covered vallies of France, to reside with the simple children of the wilderness. Marrying the daughter of the Sachem of the Penobscots, he had established his residence on the little island of Pentagoit, one of the beautiful little specks that stud the broad expanse of the most majestic of the streams of New-England, long the metropolitan settlement of a powerful tribe, and had attained such a commanding influence over the minds of the rude people, that they regarded him as their father, and even as their tutelary deity.—His establishment had been wantonly pillaged by the English: His hatred was provoked and he exerted his extensive power to excite jealousy of the subjects of England, and let loose his warriors, to plunder, to desolate and destroy.

The vengeance of the Indian may slumber, but it never dies. The fires of his resentment, though raked up for years in the ashes of forgetfulness, are still alive, and when fit opportunity comes, are fanned into a blaze. The leg-

acy of the father to his children, is the revenge of his wrongs; and the testament is executed with all the zeal of filial piety.

In the year 1689, thirteen years after this affront, it was expiated by the blood of its contriver.

The fortified house of Major Waldron was situated in the plantation of Cohecho, now a flourishing town named Dover, resounding with the merry dancing of the shuttle and the busy noises of industry. Lulled in a false security, he had quietly permitted the Indians, under the pretence of trade, to gather in great numbers about the village. On the evening preceding the night of the murder, Messandowit, one of the chiefs, covering his dark designs under the appearance of friendship, had been hospitably entertained, as was the custom of the generous host, at the table of the Major, and when amidst the feasting he said, 'Brother Waldron, if the hostile Indians come, what would you do?' the old soldier replied, 'If I should raise my finger there would be an hundred men to meet them.' Such was the carelessness of security in which the inhabitants retired to rest.

About sunset on the 7th of June in the year 1689, a squaw had come to the garrison, and asked for shelter. It was given her, and at her request she was shown how to undo the bolts and bars, that secured the entrance to the house, through its surrounding bulwarks of timbers. When all were buried in sleep, the treacherous guest opened the gates and admitted her companions. Major Waldron was soon alarmed and springing from his bed, seized his sword.—Though bowed down by the weight of 80 winters, he fought bravely. But the vigor of a more youthful arm would have been unavailing. He was brought down by the blow of a hatchet, and after having been bound, was carried by his conquerors into his hall and seated in an arm chair on his own table, where they had so lately been feasted. There they caroused, calling to their prisoner in stern derision, 'Will you judge Indians now? When they had finished, each warrior as he drew his knife across the breast of the captive, inflicting a long gash, said, 'Thus I cross out my account.' His ears and nose were cut off, and when exhausted by torment and fainting with loss of blood, he sunk down, his own sword was placed under him, and his white hairs were dabbled in gore. They abandoned the place after setting it on fire, and after killing or making prisoners of all within.

In the neighborhood, there were four other fortified houses. One of these, next to Waldron's was surprised in the same manner.—Another was attacked, but one of the inhabitants, awakened at the commencement of the assault, repulsed the assailants and not having time to secure the door with its proper fastenings, fell on the floor and placed his feet against it. The balls fired through, missed him, and his presence of mind, preserved the inmates of his dwelling from death. The third was tenanted by an ancient settler named Coffin. This was broken open by the savages and finding a bag of money, they forced the owner to scatter it among them, that they might have the pleasure of taking it in a scramble instead of a more equitable mode of division. They then went on to the house of his son, who more cautious than his friends, had refused to receive the betraying females on the preceding evening.—Here they were vigorously resisted, until they exposed the father to the shots of the company before his son and threatened to kill him, unless they were prevented by the surrender. Moved by this fearful spectacle, the defence was yielded.

An incident occurred during this scene which proved that the Indian was as immovable in his gratitude, as implacable in his revenge. When the four hundred were betrayed a young warrior was secreted by a woman. This female returned from a visit, on the night of the death of Major Waldron with her whole family. Though apprised of the attack, she had approached his garrison as a place of safety, when she discovered that it was occupied by the savages. Her children fled but she was overpowered, and sunk down. An Indian approached the place of her concealment, with the weapons of death in his hand, but when he recognised his benefactress, turned away and left her in safety.

Some of the family of Major Waldron were carried to Canada. They were received and educated by the French priests, and afterwards restored to their friends.

It is remarkable, that the preconcerted design of the Indians was communicated to a Gentleman residing at Chelmsford. The Massachusetts council, on being apprised of his danger, instantly despatched an express to warn Major Waldron. By an unfortunate coincidence of circumstances, the messenger was delayed, and the letter addressed to the father, on its arrival the very day after the bloody purposes of the Red Warriors were completed, fell into the hands of the son. Aid then was too late. The stay of a few hours had cost the lives of twenty-five, and the loss of thirty carried into captivity. The work of destruction was finished. Houses and Mills were burnt down, injuries washed out in the blood of the aggressors, and the victors, too wise to wait until a force could be gathered to overpower their band, were beyond the reach of pursuit.

PARIS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1825.

Governor. It is with a degree of regret, that we learn Gov. PARRIS has declined a re-election to this important office. His administration has been characterized by an unwavering devotion to the concerns of the State, and by that magnanimity which is calculated to give satisfaction to all. The public welfare appeared the grand object of his endeavors—and so long as it continued to be, we were in hopes of having him to preside over the affairs of our State. But when we consider that the salary of our Chief Magistrate is quite low, we ought not to expect a man to make too great sacrifices in order to serve the public.

The Convention which nominated Gov. Parris for re-election met on Wednesday evening, 16th inst. and after making the nomination unanimously and appointing a committee to wait on him and request his answer, adjourned to the following evening. On Thursday evening the Convention met according to adjournment, and the committee laid on table the following answer:

To the Members of the Legislature, assembled for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Governor—GENTLEMEN: The information communicated through your committee, that I have been again unanimously nominated for re-election to the office which I now sustain, has been received with grateful emotions. The confidence of my fellow citizens is an abundant reward for any trifling services I may have rendered the State, and the unanimity with which that confidence has been expressed by their votes the two last years of my administration, greatly enhances its value.

Having held the office longer than I contemplated when I first accepted it, and believing that the present is a favorable opportunity for me to withdraw, without embarrassment to the public interest, I have concluded to request my fellow citizens to excuse me from being a candidate at another election. In making this request, I have been actuated by a regard to the welfare of those who have the first claim upon my exertions; and my constituents are unhesitatingly assured, that no other consideration, would, at this time, have induced me to put them to the inconvenience of making another selection.

It is my intention to continue in the office until the expiration of the term for which I have been elected, and it would then be, to me, an unspeakable gratification to retire from it with the good wishes of all of my fellow citizens.

ALBION K. PARRIS.

February 17, 1825.

At a Convention of the members of the Legislature, held in the Representatives' Chamber in Portland subsequent to the one which nominated Governor Parris, Hon. NATHAN WESTON, Jr. of Augusta, was nominated as a candidate for Governor of this State at the ensuing election in September next.

THIS OVER—THE DEED IS DONE.

The election is over, and Mr. Adams is our President elect. For our own part, we are extremely glad this election is past, and we now hope that the different parties of the competitors for the office will endeavor to bury in oblivion those feelings which may tend to create strife and discord. The following well written and able remarks are from the *National Journal* of the 11th inst.:

The Crisis.—The Presidential question is now at rest, and the crisis past is a powerful appeal to the patriotism of all parties. We have one common country, one common interest. Upon the altar of that country, let us lay all personal disappointments, all personal resentments, and make of them a sacrifice to the public good. The smoke of that sacrifice will ascend up gratefully to Heaven, as a testimony of our unity and love of country; and posterity will bless the age that had the magnanimity to make it. And who is there among us that is not capable of making it for such a country as ours?—A country manifestly called by the Almighty to a destiny which Greece and Rome, in the days of their pride, might have envied—the destiny of holding up to a benighted and struggling world the great example of the government of a people by the people themselves—the illustrious example of a free government—the destiny of regenerating, by our example, a fallen world, and restoring to man his long lost rights. Who is there that would put aside from his country this proud destiny?

Yes, there, that would forego the holy triumph of having the changes that, throughout Europe, throughout the world, and among the free and enlightened nations, are now taking place, in which God created man? Who would be the guilty perpetrator to such a crime as to turn away from the low, the groveling, the base, the ignominious, the party revenge? The cause of our country is the cause of the world. "Line is the line that divides the soul of man." A line will now be drawn, for the eyes of the whole nation, between the selfish and the patriotic. Professions will no longer blind us. Declaration can no longer deceive us. The free will be known by its fruits. We shall see, by their actions, who are the true republicans; who are those who sincerely and cheerfully acquiesce in the sense of the nation constitutionally expressed, and who will fairly and generously put their shoulders to the wheels to help forward the proper action of the government; and who are those, on the contrary, who, with professions of acquiescence and of the public good upon their lips, enmesh their disappointments and their resentments in secret, and in the prostituted name of their country, combine to form an opposition for the base and selfish purposes of party.

Of the latter, we hope and frankly believe, that there will be none; or, if any, that they will be so few, and of character so marked, that the obviousness of their purpose will render their efforts abortive. The dignified deportment of Congress, on Wednesday last, gave a noble pledge, and set a noble example to the whole nation. Let us resolve to follow it. Let us all, who we men stand for our country, and for the great cause of human liberty throughout the world, and leave party to the vermin which party alone has engendered.

The 6 confederated States have taken above the horizon like a constellation of stars, and the world has started up from the slumber of ages to admire the splendid phenomena—a watch and to salute. The charnel house of the world, the land of Ignominia and of the dead, has risen from the dead, and shines with the glory of a resurrection to immortality. Where is the traitor to the cause of his fellow-man? Where is the man, who, in the face of the world, would, if he could, dissolve the chain, or even a lesser one, by attempting to resist the march of the century which leads the way? If there be any such, let him prepare for the infamy which he will incur.

In order that our readers may see the contrast there is in the feelings of some Editors of papers in regard to the result of this election, we make the below additional selections as exhibiting specimens thereof:

From the *American* (Hartford, Conn.) *Mercury*, Feb. 15.

"Tis done! the long agony is over! Rejoice, people of America, rejoice!" JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the scholar, the statesman, the devoted friend of his country, has been exalted to the Chief Magistracy of this great Republic. He was elected to this high office by the Representatives of the Nation, on Wednesday last, on the first ballot. We have only room and time to congratulate our readers on this auspicious result.

From the *Columbian* (Philadelphia) *Observer*.

"Mourn, Freeman, Mourn!"

"Our readers will perceive that we issue to-day's paper shrouded in mourning! It is due to our *enlightened Liberties*—our *assassinated Rights*—our *lost Glory*! It is due to a people betrayed! Their votes despised! Their sovereignty sold! Their country disgraced! and stamped with the curse of ingratitude!"

"Expired at Washington, on the 8th of February, 1825, the 'Virtue, Liberty, and Independence' of the U. States; caused by poison administered by the assassin hand of John Quincy Adams the *Usurper*, and Henry Clay!"

"At the same time and place—expired the Democratic Party!"

"USURPATION. In publishing the corrupt Election of the last man that the American people should have seen elevated to supreme power, we do it with emotions of shame, disgrace, and natural degradation; we feel all that indignation which is natural to a free People, trampled on, abused, and sold to the HIGHEST BIDDER! The event is one that overwhelms the mind and shocks the heart in its contemplation—it is a fact of which we cannot realize the idea without doing violence to the understanding, and upsetting all the settled and long established principles and doctrines connected with our *Independence*, our *Revolution*—our *Institutions*—and the long supremacy and the established fame of the *Democratic Party*."

"A sale of the People, so open and shameless, stands not on record. A usurpation so foul, dark, and disgraceful, stains not the pages of the history of any nation that ever existed."

"We speak of the substance, manner, and mode of his usurpation. Five Western States bought by and transferred over to the *Usurper*, as so many live cattle, or a drove of negroes!! What future conduct of this man can ever atone for it? What measures could ever do away the foul and dishonorable conspiracy? We want words to speak on this topic. Universal panic prevail, nor are we free from it. The return of the *Sovereignty of the British King* could not have caused more surprise, terror, and indignation. What will be the consequences it is yet impossible to predict. The people stand aghast, and are lost in amazement and rage."

"If the members of the *Western States* resided in Pennsylvania, we mean those who voted for Adams, we think we should ensure them such a suit of *tar and feathers* as would last them forever."

MAGNANIMOUS CONDUCT.

The high-minded and prudent conduct of General Jackson evinced in the following letter is certainly, in our opinion, worthy of commendation and ought to be imitated by many of our great men. He richly deserves the name of "Hero" for his magnanimous decision in this particular.

Washington, City 10th Feb. 1825.

Sir: A number of your fellow citizens, assembled in this city, from different States in the Union, with the confident expectation of seeing the universal wishes of the nation fulfilled, by your elevation to the Chief Magistracy thereof; disappointed in that respect, however, they are desirous of testifying their attachment and regard for you, by soliciting the pleasure of your company at a public entertainment, to be given at William's Hotel, tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock. We are, very respectfully, your fellow-citizens.

SAM'L SWARTWOUT, of New-Jersey,
JOHN CONRAD, Pennsylvania,
WM. ROBINSON, Virginia,
J. O. HANLON, E. Carolina,
C. HANLON, Connecticut.

To Gen. Andrew Jackson.

GENERAL JACKSON'S REPLY.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your polite invitation, in behalf of yourselves and a number of citizens "in this city, from different States in the Union," to partake of a public entertainment to-morrow. For your politeness, I am very much obliged. I cannot decline, and ought not; yet I cannot refrain from suggesting to you and my friends the propriety, perhaps necessity, of forbearing to confer upon me, at the moment I am such a proud mark of your regard. You cannot, I am persuaded, mistake my meaning. I decline of a matter, about which much public feeling and concern has been manifested, very lately has taken place. Any evidence of kindness and regard, such as you propose, might, by many, be viewed as conveying with it exception, murmuring, and feelings of complaint; which I sincerely hope belong not to any of my friends. I would, therefore, beg leave to suggest to you, that, on reflection, you may deem it proper to forebear any cause to which, possibly, exception might be taken.

Please to accept my thanks, and tender them to the gentlemen respectively.

ANDREW JACKSON.

To Messrs. S. SWARTWOUT,
J. CONRAD,
Wm. ROBINSON,
J. O. HANLON,
10th Feb. 1825.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10.

The moment of the Election, yesterday, may naturally be supposed to have been one of deep excitement. The result was known in the Hall, as soon as it was ascertained how New York had voted. The very crowded galleries, however, are separated so completely from the body of the House, and such perfect silence prevailed, that the first idea that a choice had been made was communicated by the report of the Tellers, that Mr. Adams had received 13 votes! The effect was electric. Without waiting for the Tellers to conclude their report, a few persons in the galleries, by clapping their hands, &c. gave tokens of approbation, and a few scarcely audible hisses were heard, as in reply to the plaudits. The presentation of the report was arrested by the Speaker, ordered to be cleared, and were cleared accordingly. This was a deep disappointment to the more than a thousand persons, who had, many of them, patiently waited, from early morn., to witness this august spectacle. It was necessary, however, that the House should exact the respect due, not only to its authority, but to the political rights and personal feelings of its members.

After the galleries were cleared, the report of the Tellers was concluded, and the result declared in due form by the Speaker.—*Nat. and Intelligencer*.

The following Statement of the votes in the several Colleges, (the delegations of the several States in the House of Representatives) in the Election of President, by the House, has been prepared by a Member of the House, and is published at the request of several Members, who desire that their own votes should be understood. In the several States, the ballots were cast as follows:

	Adams.	Jackson.	Crawford.
Maine	7	0	0
New-Hampshire	6	0	0
Vermont	5	0	0
Massachusetts	12	1	0
Connecticut	6	0	0
Rhode Island	2	0	0
New-York	13	2	14
New-Jersey	1	5	0
Pennsylvania	1	25	0
Delaware	0	0	1
Maryland	5	3	1
Virginia*	1	1	19
North Carolina	1	2	10
South Carolina	0	9	0
Georgia	0	0	7
Alabama	0	3	0
Mississippi	0	1	0
Indiana	0	3	0
Missouri	1	0	0
Tennessee	0	9	0
Kentucky	8	4	0
Ohio	10	2	2
Illinois	1	0	0
Louisiana	2	1	0
	87	71	54

*One absent from illness. Ibid.

Mr. CLAY.—The following letter from Mr. Clay, was written to a gentleman in Richmond, Virg. and was published in the Richmond Enquirer, the leading Crawford paper in that State, on the 8th inst.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1825.

MY DEAR SIR: My position, in regard to the Presidential contest, is highly critical, and such as to leave me no path on which I can move, without censure. I have pursued, in regard to it, the rule which I always observe in the discharge of my public duty. I have interrogated my conscience as to what I ought to do, and that faithful guide tells me that I ought to vote for Mr. Adams. I shall fulfil its injunctions. Mr. Crawford's state of health, and the circumstances under which he presents himself to the House, appear to me to be conclusive against him. As a friend of liberty and to the permanence of our institutions, I cannot consent, in this early stage of their existence, by contributing to the election of a military chieftain, to give the strongest guaranty that this Republic will march in the fatal road which has conducted every other Republic to ruin. I owe to our friendship this frank exposition of my intentions—I am and shall continue to be assailed by all the abuse which partisan zeal, malignity and rivalry can invent. I shall view without emotion these effusions of malice, and remain unshaken in my purpose. What is a public man worth if he will not expose himself, on fit occasions, for the good of his country?

As to the result of the election, I cannot speak with absolute certainty; but there is every reason to believe that we shall avoid the dangerous precedent to which I allude.

Be pleased to give my respects to Mr. —, and believe me always,

Your Cordial Friend,

THE HON. F. BROOKS.

H. CLAY.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Kremer.—The *National Journal* says, that on Tuesday morning 8th inst. the committee of investigation received a note from Mr. Kremer, stating that he should be ready to make a further communication at half-past 11 o'clock; and that the committee after sitting waiting and waiting, like Foot's Alderman, until 12 o'clock, without hearing from Mr. Kremer, adjourned to Wednesday morning.

It appears, however, from a paragraph in the *National Intelligencer*, that a communication of considerable length was received from Mr. Kremer, at an hour too late for the committee to act upon it before the meeting of the House. The paragraph adds, that Mr. Kremer has protested, in very decided terms, against the authority of the House of Representatives, or of their committee of inquiry, to hold him responsible for having written the letter which has been the foundation of this inquiry, and he has also protested against the right of the committee to place him in the attitude of an accused, and especially upon general charges, not contained in his own letter, but indicated by the Speaker.

Such a protest would be at war with Mr. Kremer's express declaration upon the floor of the House, that he was ready to meet the charges contained in the letter, and fully approved of the mode adopted for investigating facts. If the tenor of his communication be correctly stated, the duties of the committee of inquiry appear to be at an end, and the whole affair will turn out to be a mere flash in the pan! The public will feel not a little disgust and contempt, that the country has been subjected to an expense of several thousand dollars, and that the attention of Congress has been diverted from concerns of real moment, by the intrusion of a personal affair, which from the first was wholly unworthy of notice.

THE HON. GEORGE KREMER.—Late letters from Washington furnish the following particulars of the Hon. Mr. Kremer, of Pennsylvania, who, since his newspaper squabble with Mr. Speaker Clay, has become a conspicuous character in the political world. Mr. Clay's bullying and pusillanimous conduct is everywhere condemned—he has by one rash step forfeited the "golden opinions" of the people. It is not, however, our intention to speak of Mr. Clay, but to furnish a portrait of Mr. Kremer. In the first place, it is said that he does not fear the face of Clay—an important particular. He is represented, in a letter to the editor of the *N. York Commercial Advertiser*, to be a strong, broad shouldered, thickset, coarse looking Pennsylvania farmer, of Dutch descent, with a florid face, and short, stiff, sandy hair. If this delicate description be true, he must "look like the devil," sure enough; or we have formed an erroneous opinion of his Satanic Majesty's person. He pays little attention to dress, but is considered to have a vigorous mind, and utters much plain, sound sense, directly to the point. He is willing to weep, fast, drink whiskey, eat crockeries or pastries, play "cards," or fight with the Speaker—he uses the rule with as much skill as any Kentuckian, and is said to be a superior marksman. In short, he is the *Leather Stocking* of Pennsylvania—hence Mr. Clay's appeal to the House—"Hear him in debate!"—from the high and sharp key of his voice, he is sometimes called *George Streamer*.

The following anecdote is related of him. In a debate some time since, when a member from Maine had quoted a passage from Horace, Kremer, in his answer, remarked, that as the gentleman from Maine had treated the House in a dialect he did not understand, he would favor the House with another quotation, in return; and immediately pronounced several lines of High Dutch, to the no small amusement of the House and galleries.—*Boston Herald*.

Worcester, Feb. 9.—Small Pox.

On the arrival of the intelligence of the election of Mr. Adams at Boston, on Monday morning, 14th inst. at 1 o'clock a salute of 100 guns was fired on the common and the New England Museum was beautifully illuminated. The salutes were repeated at noon and sunset.

WORCESTER, Feb. 9.—Small Pox.—This loathsome and fatal disease, which appeared a few weeks since, in Douglas, is spreading in the neighboring towns, and, not improbably, will ere long find victims in our own village. It has already reached Grafton, an adjoining town.

Under these circumstances, it is the imperious duty of every head of a family to take measures for the security of those under his charge. The only security is vaccination; and that this does furnish complete protection is a fact supported by evidence which ought to convince the most incredulous.

That many will neglect this only security, is, however, too probable. Is it not, then, expedient for the citizens of this town, acting in concert, to take measures to effect a general vaccination of those liable to the contagion?

The propriety of some legislative enactment to extend the advantages of vaccination to the whole community has often been suggested. The particular mode of accomplishing this might be easily devised, and the present seems a favorable opportunity for the Legislature to act on the subject.

New London, Feb. 9.—Shocking Catastrophe.

Miss Roxana Sisson, daughter of Mr. Peleg Sisson, of Stonington, aged 19 years, was on a visit last week, at the house of her brother in Western, R. I. On Saturday night, after the family had retired to rest, while she was sitting or standing by the fire, her clothes took fire, and she, being alarmed, rushed into the open air. This only tended to increase the flames, which raged with such violence that in a few minutes her clothes were entirely burnt off. Miss S. was completely burnt to a blister, from head to foot; and she lingered in the most excruciating agony till Monday evening, when she expired.—*Ston. Yankee*.

M'Kee, vs. Nelson.—On Wednesday came on for trial before the Hon. Judge Edwards, the interesting case of M'Kee, vs. Nelson, for a breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff proved the promise by showing that the affair had so far progressed, that dresses had been purchased for the express occasion, and other preparations had been made for the celebration of the marriage. The parties are both very respectable; the defendant is well known as a celebrated classic teacher, in this city; has been blind for many years; and at the time the intimacy was broken off with the plaintiff, he was a widower, with six children. The jury retired at one o'clock, and in the morning returned a verdict for the plaintiff of 3000 dollars.—*N. Y. Com. Ad.*

On Sunday night last, this office was entered, through a back window, by some person or persons, who broke open two desks, but found no money, which, no doubt, was the object of their visit, as nothing was taken away except the key of the ware-room.

On the same night, the book-store of J. Gales & Son was broken open. Here the gentlemen of the dark lantern were more successful, making a prize of about 25 dollars.

It is somewhat singular that the rogues should have made their attempts on the printers alone, but still more singular that they should have supposed that printers had money.—*Raleigh Star*, Feb. 4.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—We are happy to learn, from an authentic source, that the British Government has very recently communicated to this Government, through our Minister at London, the interesting information, that that Government has come to the determination to recognize the *Independence of Mexico* and *Buenos Ayres*, and also of *Colombia*, reserving a declaration, as to the latter, until the effect of the contest in Peru be more certainly developed; and that this determination will be communicated successively to all the other foreign powers.—*Nat. Int.*

From the *Lincoln* (Wisconsin) *Intelligencer*.

Particulars of the *Massacre* of Capt. Hilton and Crew of the brig *Betsy*, by Pirates.

Copy of a letter from John Holmes, Esq. Commander of the ship *Shamrock* of this port, to Maj. Abel Wood, dated

"MATANZAS, Jan. 7, 1825.

Dear Sir: With much sorrow of heart I here communicate to you the painful, heart-rending intelligence of the loss of the brig *Betsy* and the horrid butchery of her most unfortunate Captain and crew, with the exception of Col. Ins, who by the strong arm of Almighty power was snatched from the hands of these cruel enemies of mankind, to give intelligence of the fate of his unfortunate comrades, and who relates to me the following painful story. This morning, a little after sun-rise, I landed on the wharf, and was there walking about, when I was met by a dreadful looking object, in tatters, his feet swollen nearly as large as his head, who accosted me by saying in feeble accents, Capt. Holmes, I have got here at last—I replied, who are you and from whence came you?—he answered, I am Collins; but, said I, I don't know you—he then said, I am the only one saved alive from the brig *Betsy*. I then asked him, with astonishment, how and where she was lost. He then preceded with his lamentable story as follows:

"On Monday morning, between the hours of 1 and 3, I think the 21st day from Wisconsin, the brig struck on the N. E. range of the Double Headed Shot Keys, and in less than 10 minutes went to pieces; the deck, load, long-boat and crew, were all swept overboard together, and carried through a narrow passage between the keys, and we succeeded in turning up the long-boat which had been bottomed before the lumber separated, and all got his her. The stern of the brig was stove off at the second stroke of the sea before we left her. We were then driven before the violence of the waves and wind which blew hard from the north. The long-boat leaked to such a degree, that with one bucket, which we fortunately saved, and the assistance of two hats we could scarcely keep her free. At times we considered our state hopeless, and often despaired of ever seeing the land; but to our great joy on Tuesday morning, at dry break, we made the land, and about 9 o'clock we layed on a key the name of which I do not know. On said Island were two houses, inhabited by a few male Spaniards, who pretended to be fishermen. Capt. Hilton bargained with these fish-

ermen to bring us all aboard and forty dollars; and third morning when we fired the key, a Piratical and fired upon us, but have too and he came all of the Pirate soon after two doubloons; they the Pirate; there they made merry, and sent take some *jugent*—we partook of it. We were our arms, behind us, Capt. Hilton asked them to do with us—they said draw out their swords, edges and said the Americans were unintelligible. The a cove where they began upon Capt. Hilton by firing the throat with a sword, head with one hand and thy other. One of them man, Russell, who sat I with a sword and split Mr. Merry shared the same all put to death except a wound before they struck a stroke on the head leaped out of the boat, bound my arms and made woods followed by those tance, when they gave night I slept in the top morning I swam about the main land, where I v the woods for six days; ed to the rays of the sun some food and clothes. days, and then proceed where, thank God, I have

The above account mouth of Daniel Collins heard him declare under the Governor. How long suffer such atrocious del protest attended to.

Your most obedient,

U. S. COMMISSIONER IN THE

INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE from the select committee made the following report. The select committee, red the communication of 3d inst. report:

That, upon their first to execute the duty imposed upon them, they directed the a letter to the Hon. Geo. him that they would be a time, therein stated, to explanation he might b the charges referred to of the Speaker, of the chairman, in conformity did address such a letter replied that he would not to the committee; according to them, through their nication, which accompanied A, in which he declined them, for either of the their letter, alleging that without appearing either witness, both of which in this posture of the case, t no further steps. They competent to the House power to send for persons that means, to enable the gation which might be t if they knew any reason they would have asked proper power; but not h such knowledge, they hav only to lay before the H tion which they have rec

A.—(MR. KREMER)

Gentlemen: I have r yesterday, in which you will meet at 10 o'clock t then be ready to receive planation, I may have charges referred to in the Speaker, of the 3d inst. stances unprecedented, a only interesting to myself connected with the fun our Government, I have deliberation, on the cour self, and my constituents The result of this reflect consistently with a prop ties, assent to place myself, in either of the altit note. The object of th distinctly appear from infer from its contents, extraordinary and unprec this case that it is to through a committee of sentatives, for a letter, d last, addressed to the D. Observer, and published 23th, which was inter through that channel, deemed interesting to my important to be known people at this peculiar the subject, I cannot of power in the Constitu the House of Representa ly, a committee created me as the writer of cor volves a question of cor

ermen to bring us all down here for the long-boat and forty dollars; and accordingly on the third morning when we were in the act of leaving the key, a Piratical schooner bore in sight and fired upon us, but without injury. We have too and he came along side. The captain of the Pirate soon after gave the fishermen two doubloons; they then all went on board the Pirate; there they sat down, drank and made merry, and sent the jug to us, saying, take some *Audent*—we thought it friendly and partook of it. We were all then bound with our arms behind us, and put into a canoe.—Capt. Hilton asked them what they were about to do with us—they said kill you. They then drew out their swords and knives, felt of the edges and said the Americans, [here a few words are unintelligible.] They then took us up into a cove where they began the atrocious murder upon Capt. Hilton by first striking him across the throat with a sword, then took him by the head with one hand and cut his neck off with the other. One of them then struck the old man, Russell, who sat by me, upon the head with a sword and split it down to his body. Mr. Merry shared the same fate. I saw them all put to death except one who had received a wound before they struck me. I then received a stroke on the head and at the same time leaped out of the boat, broke the cords which bound my arms and made my escape into the woods followed by those ruffians for some distance, when they gave up the chase. That night I slept in the top of a tree. The next morning I swam about two miles, and reached the main land, where I wandered through the woods for six days; my naked skin exposed to the rays of the burning sun, when I got some food and clothes. I stopped there two days, and then proceeded on to this place, where, thank God, I have arrived."

The above account I give you from the mouth of Daniel Collins, and the same I have heard him declare under oath this day before the Governor. How long will our Government suffer such atrocious deeds? I shall have the protest attended to.

Your most obedient,

JOHN HOLMES.

U. S. CONGRESS.

IN THE HOUSE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.

INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE. Mr. P. P. Barbour, from the select committee on that subject, made the following report:—

The select committee, to which was referred the communication of the Speaker, of the 3d inst. report:

That, upon their first meeting, with a view to execute the duty imposed upon them by the House, they directed their chairman to address a letter to the Hon. George Kremer, informing him that they would be ready, at a particular time, therein stated, to receive any evidence or explanation he might have to offer, touching the charges referred to in the communication of the Speaker, of the 3d inst.; their chairman, in conformity with this instruction, did address such a letter to Mr. Kremer, who replied that he would make a communication to the committee; accordingly, he did send to them, through their chairman, a communication, which accompanies this report, marked A, in which he declines to appear before them, for either of the purposes mentioned in their letter, alleging that he could not do so, without appearing either as an accuser or a witness, both of which he protests against. In this posture of the case, the committee can take no further steps. They are aware that it is competent to the House to invest them with power to send for persons and papers, and by that means, to enable them to make an investigation which might be thought necessary; and if they knew any reason for such investigation, they would have asked to be clothed with the proper power; but not having, themselves, any such knowledge, they have felt it to be their duty only to lay before the House the communication which they have received.

A.—(MR. KREMER'S LETTER.)

Gentlemen: I have received your note of yesterday, in which you inform me that you will meet at 10 o'clock this morning, and will then be ready to receive any evidence, or explanation, I may have to offer, touching the charges referred to in the communication of the Speaker, of the 3d inst. Placed under circumstances unprecedented, and which I believe not only interesting to myself, but important, as connected with the fundamental principles of our Government, I have reflected, with much deliberation, on the course which duty to myself, and my constituents, required me to adopt. The result of this reflection is, that I cannot, consistently with a proper regard to those duties, assent to place myself before your committee, in either of the attitudes indicated in your note. The object of the committee does not distinctly appear from your note, but I may infer from its contents, connected with the extraordinary and unprecedented proceeding in this case that it is to hold me responsible, through a committee of the House of Representatives, for a letter, dated the 25th January last, addressed to the Editor of the *Columbian Observer*, and published in his paper of the 23th, which was intended to communicate, through that channel, information which I deemed interesting to my constituents and very important to be known to the whole American people at this peculiar crisis. Thus viewing the subject, I cannot perceive any principle of power in the Constitution, which can give the House of Representatives, and consequently, a committee created by it, jurisdiction over me as the writer of that letter; it neither involves a question of contempt of the House,

nor an impeachment of an officer of the Government under the Constitution; and I can discover no authority by which the House can assume jurisdiction in such a case. If the authority of the House extended to acts of this kind, no limitation could be prescribed to its power, and it may reach the publisher as well as the writer, and extend to every member of the Government, as well as the Speaker of the House of Representatives. But it is not only the unconstitutionality of the power which forbids me from appearing before you; placed as I am, I cannot but perceive the dangerous consequences, as well as its unconstitutional character.

[The letter proceeds to argue, on various grounds, against the authority of the House to interfere, and concludes as follows.]

In the present case, although I feel myself justified, as the writer of the letter, I feel myself bound, both by prudence and duty, not to appear in the character of an accuser of the Speaker upon charges not my own, but those which he has requested to be investigated. I need not advert to circumstances which render it peculiarly improper at the present time. The deep excitement which the important crisis has produced, the unequal contest between an humble member on the floor, and the Speaker of the House, are themselves circumstances which cannot be overlooked in coming to the conclusion that the issue should be left before the American people, or the ordinary tribunals of the country; and I therefore protest against the proceedings in this view, as well as against the power of the House to exercise jurisdiction over me, as being equally calculated to restrain the exercise of my just rights, in an unconstitutional manner.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, your obedient servant, GEO. KREMER.

Washington, Feb. 8.

The report and the letter were laid on the table.

ELECTION OF PRESIDENT.

On motion of Mr. Taylor, it was Ordered, That a message be sent to the Senate, that this House is now ready to receive them, in pursuance of the resolution of the two Houses, of yesterday, to the end that the President of the Senate, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, may open the certificates of the votes of the electors of the several States in the choice of a President and Vice President of the United States, and that the same may be counted, and that the clerk do go with said message.

A 12 o'clock, precisely, the Members of the Senate entered the Hall, preceded by their Sergeant at Arms, and having the President of the Senate at their head, who was invited to a seat on the right hand of the Speaker of the House.

Seats were then assigned the Senators, who took their seats together, in front of the Speaker's Chair, and towards the right hand of the entrance.

The President of the Senate (Mr. Gaillard) then rose, and stated that the certificates forwarded by the Electors from each State would be delivered to the Tellers.

Mr. Tazewell, of the Senate, and Messrs. John W. Taylor and Philip P. Barbour, on the part of the House, took their places, as Tellers, at the Clerk's table. The President of the Senate then opened two packets, one received by messenger, and the other by mail, containing the certificates of the votes of New Hampshire. One of these was then read by Mr. Tazewell, while the other was compared with that by Messrs. Taylor and Barbour. The whole having been read, and the votes of New Hampshire declared, they were set down by the Clerks of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, seated at different tables. Thus the certificates from all the States were gone through with.

The Tellers then left the Clerk's table, and presented themselves in front of the Speaker. Mr. Tazewell delivered their report of the votes given: which was then handed to the President of the Senate, who again read it to the two Houses:

For John Quincy Adams, 81; William H. Crawford, 41; Andrew Jackson, 99; Henry Clay, 37.

The President of the Senate then rose, and declared that no person had received a majority of the votes given for President of the United States; that Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and William H. Crawford were the three persons who had received the highest number of votes, and that the remaining duties in the choice of a President now devolved on the House of Representatives. He further declared, that JONAS C. CANNON, of South Carolina, having received 182 votes, was duly elected Vice President of the United States, to serve for four years from the 4th day of March next.

The Members of the Senate then retired. The Speaker directed the roll of the House to be called by States, and the members of the respective delegations to take their seats in the order in which the States should be called, beginning at the right hand of the Speaker.

The roll was called accordingly, when it appeared that every member of the House was present, with the exception of Mr. Gannett, of Virginia, who is known to be indisposed at his lodgings, in this city.

The delegations took their places accordingly, ballot boxes were distributed to each delegation by the Sergeant at Arms, and the Speaker directed that the balloting should proceed. The ballots having all been deposited in the boxes the following Tellers were named by their respective delegations, being one from each State in the Union—

Messrs. Cushman, Hooks, Livermore, Campbell, Webster, Forsyth, Eddy, Buck, Trimble, Tomlinson, Allen, of Tenn. Taylor, Sloane, Livingston, Condict, Rankin, Ingham, Jennings, M'Lane, Cook, Kent, Owen, Randolph, Scott.

Mr. Webster, of Massachusetts, was appointed by those Tellers who sat at one table, and Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, by those at the other, to announce the result of the balloting.—After the ballots were counted out, Mr. Webster rose, and said—

"Mr. Speaker—The Tellers of the votes at this table have proceeded to count the ballots contained in the box set before them. The result they find to be, that there are—

For John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, 13 votes.
For Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, 7 votes.
For William H. Crawford, of Georgia, 4 votes.

Mr. Randolph, from the other table, made a statement corresponding with that of Mr. Webster, in the facts, but varying in the phraseology, so as to say that Mr. Adams, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Crawford, had received the votes of so many States, instead of so many votes.

The Speaker then stated the result to the House, and announced that JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, having a majority of the votes of these United States, was duly elected President of the same, for four years, commencing with the 4th of March next.

On motion of Mr. Taylor, of New York, a committee was ordered to be appointed, to notify the President of the U. S. and the President elect, of the result of the ballot.

And then the House adjourned.

[When the fact of Mr. Adams having 13 votes was announced by the Tellers, some clapping and exultation took place in the galleries, and some slight hissing followed. When the House suspended its proceedings until the galleries were cleared.]

THURSDAY, February 10.

Mr. Webster, from the Committee appointed for that purpose yesterday, reported, that the committee had waited on JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, of Massachusetts, and had notified to him, that, in the recent election of a President of the United States, no person having received a majority of the votes of all the electors appointed, and the choice having consequently devolved upon the House of Representatives, that House proceeding in the manner prescribed in the Constitution, did yesterday choose him to be President of the United States, for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March next. And that the Committee had received a certain answer, which he presented to the House. The Committee also, in further performance of its duty, had given information of this election to the President.

Gentlemen: In receiving this testimonial from the Representatives of the People, and States of this Union, I am deeply sensible to the circumstances under which it has been given. All my Predecessors in the high station to which the House now calls me, have been honored with majorities of the electoral votes in their primary colleges. It has been my fortune to be placed, by the divisions of sentiment prevailing among our countrymen on this occasion, in competition, friendly and honorable, with three of my fellow citizens, all justly enjoying, in eminent degrees, the public favor; and of whose worth, talents, and services, no one entertains a higher and more respectful sense than myself. The names of two of them were, in the fulfilment of the provision of the constitution, presented to the selection of the House, in concurrence with my own: names, closely associated with the glory of the nation, and one of them, further recommended by a larger minority of the primary electoral suffrages than mine.

In this state of things, could my refusal to accept the trust thus delegated to me, give an immediate opportunity to the people to form and to express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, I should not hesitate to decline the acceptance of this eminent charge, and to submit the decision of this momentous question again to their determination. But the constitution itself, has not so disposed of the contingency which would arise in the event of my refusal; I shall, therefore, repair to the post assigned me by the call of my country, signified through her constitutional organs; oppressed with the magnitude of the task before me, but cheered with the hope of that generous support from my fellow citizens, which, in the vicissitudes of a life devoted to their service, has never failed to sustain me—confident in the trust, that the wisdom of the Legislative Councils will guide and direct me in the path of my duty, and relying, above all, upon the superintending Providence of that Being "in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways."

Gentlemen: I pray you to make acceptable to the House, the assurance of my profound gratitude for their confidence, and to accept yourselves my thanks for the friendly terms in which you have communicated to me their decision.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Washington, 10th February, 1825.

"FRANKLIN" is received, but owing to the press of matter, we ask his indulgence until our next. The communication signed "Many" has also come to hand, and will appear next week.

MARRIED.

In Hartford, by Cyrus Thompson, Esq. Mr. Gustavus Hayford, of Canton, aged 52, to Miss Judith Leach, of the former place, aged 26.

DIED.

At Cavendish, Vt. Mr. Alanda Wright and Mrs. Susanna his wife: she died on Sunday evening 30th ult. and he on Tuesday morning following—both of a lingering consumption; he aged 29, she 27 years. They had lived in a marriage state about four years. They were amiable and exemplary in their lives, and highly respected by all who had the pleasure of their society; and they died in the full and unshaken belief that "God is good unto all, and that his tender mercies are over all the works of his hands." A funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Leland, from 1st Samuel i. 28.—Samuel and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not divided." They were both interred on the third inst. in one coffin.

In Bedford, N. H. Jan. 7. Mr. Nathaniel Rundlett, aged 85: he was a soldier of the Revolution, and was one of the sufferers by the great fire in Wiscasset, in 1823, since which time he has resided with his son in Bedford.

In Deerfield, Jan. 20, departed this life, Mrs. Hannah Burbank, wife of Mr. David Burbank, in the 78th year of her age. She was born in Rowley, Mass.

In Little Compton, R. I. on the 11th inst. after five days sickness, Capt. Ebenezer Church, aged 100 years and 6 days! Until within a few months previous to his death, he was able to mount his horse with apparent ease.

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of STEPHEN SANDERS, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

BARNABAS MYRICK.

Hebron, Feb. 22, 1825. 34 3w.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, on the estate of RICHARD DOLE, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

EBENEZER HOLMES.

Hebron, Feb. 22, 1825. 34 3w.

A PRIVATE ACADEMY.

Will be commenced at Norway Village on Monday, 7th day of March next, 1825, by E. C. FERNALD. It will be conducted on the most approved system, and all the branches usually introduced in English Schools will be attended to.

Terms.—\$2 00 per quarter or 20 cents per week. A course of LECTURES ON ENGLISH GRAMMAR, and a course of LESSONS IN PENMANSHIP will be given during the first six weeks of the school.

Terms.—75 cents for the course. The following certificates will show what his success has been as an instructor of English Grammar and Penmanship, and experience only will show what it may be in other branches.

From Rev. Joseph Walker, Dr. Asa Danforth, Levi Whitman, Esq. dated "Norway Village, March 29, 1824."

"This may certify, that Mr. BENJAMIN C. FERNALD, has given a course of Lectures, in this village, on English Grammar and Lessons in Writing, and to the best of our knowledge has given good satisfaction. We think his mode of instruction, especially for young scholars, the best we have seen: well calculated to give them an acquaintance with the principles of Grammar, and the rules of Penmanship; in a much shorter time, than the ordinary mode. And under these impressions, we have no hesitation in recommending him to the employment of any, who may wish for a teacher in these important branches of education."

From Benj. Hale, A. M. Principal of Gardiner Lyceum, G. W. Olney, Rector of Christ's Church, R. H. Gardiner, Esq. Dr. David Neal, Moses Springer, Jun. Esq. dated, "Gardiner, July 14, 1824."

"The subscribers having attended an examination of one of Mr. FERNALD's Classes in English Grammar, are happy to state their approbation of his method of teaching, and their conviction, that it is calculated to give a thorough knowledge of the subject, in much less time, than is consumed in the common method."

"They also believe Mr. FERNALD to be uncommonly assiduous in his attention to his classes, and they hope, that his attention and his skill will meet the patronage which they merit."

For further information, inquire of L. Whitman, Esq. Norway, or at this office.

PAPER.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings has on hand an extensive assortment of Royal—fine and coarse Demi—Letter—Foolscap—No. 1, and 2, Pot—Sheathing—British Cap—and Wrapping Paper. Feb. 14. 3w 34

MACHINE CARDS.

HORACE SEAVER, No. 2, Mitchell's Buildings, has just received a consignment of Machine Cards, from the Manufactory of Horace Smith, Liechester, which will be warranted to give satisfaction. Orders for any quantity executed at short notice. Feb. 15.—tf 34

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Spring Term in HEBRON ACADEMY will commence on Monday, the twenty-first day of March next, under the tuition of Mr. SIMON PERKINS, a graduate of Bowdoin College, in whom we have confidence as a faithful and useful Instructor, and youths of both sexes are again invited to try the advantages of this Institution.

JOHN TRIPP, Secretary.

Feb. 14, 1825. 34 cop3w

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Hiram.

It is hereby notified to the proprietors of the Lands hereafter mentioned in the town of Hiram, that the same are taxed in the bills committed for collection to the undersigned Collector of said Hiram, for the year 1824, in the respective sums following, viz:

Names of Proprietors.	Number of Lots.	Directions.	Amount for 1823.	Deficiency of 1823.	Sum total.
Joshua B. Osgood,	8, 10, & 13 G.R.E.		\$ 133		\$ 133
James Osgood,	Unknown,	Unknown,	12 64	47 01	
Richard Odell,			1 31	4 36	
Church C. Truant,			61	1 31	
Noah Jewett,				4 63	
Joseph C. easy,	one house,			2 69	
Jones Lot, so called,	3			75	
Gardner Lot, do.	5			3 02	
Potter Lot, do.	4			2 02	
Haven Lot, do.	Unknown,		2 65	4 16	
Heirs of Thos. Cutts, Tyler lot,				4 03	
Josiah Pierce,				85	
Joseph Gray,				1 31	
Aaron Stuart,			86	2 43	
Jacob Grallam,				3 02	
Daniel Small,				2 07	
Samuel Bradley,				2 62	
Benjamin Elwell,	1-3 saw mill,			1 01	
Durgin and Irish,				1 69	

The said Collector will proceed, according to law, to sell, at Public Auction, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the Store of BENJAMIN BARRETT, in Hiram, on Saturday, the twenty-sixth day of March next, so much of the said Lands as shall be subject to discharge said taxes and the notes, by intervening charges, if no person shall appear on or before that time to discharge said taxes and charges.

BENJAMIN CHAPBURN, Collector.

Hiram, Feb. 4, 1825. 34 3w

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers in Buckfield, was dissolved by mutual agreement, on the seventh day of February, 1825. The notes and accounts due to the firm are left in the hands of Z. LONG, who takes the store and goods.

ZADOC LONG.

LUCIUS LORING.

Buckfield, Feb. 3, 1825.

POETRY.

DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD. By the late Charles Prentiss.

His form was fair, his cheek was health;
His word a bond, his purse was wealth;
With wheat his fields were covered o'er;
Plenty sat smiling at his door;
His wife, the fount of ceaseless joy;
How laugh'd his daughter, play'd his boy!
His library, though large, was read,
"Till half its contents dock'd his head.
At morn, 'twas health, wealth, pure delight;
'Twas health, wealth, peace and bliss at night.
I wish'd not to disturb his bliss—
'Tis gone! but all the blame was his.

The social glass I saw him seize,
The more with festive wit to please,
Daily increased his love of cheer—
Ah! little thought he I was near.
Gradual indulgence on him stole;
Frequent became the midnight bowl.
I in the bowl the head-ache plac'd,
Which with the juice his lips embrac'd.
Shame next I mingled in the draught;
Indignantly he drank, and laugh'd.
In the bowl's bottom Bankruptcy
I plac'd—he sipped with tears and glee.
Remorse then did I in it pour;
He only sought the bowl the more.
I mingled next joint-torturing Pain;
Little the less did he refrain.
The Dropsy in the cup I mixt;
Still to his mouth the cup was fixt.

My emissaries thus in vain
I sent, the mad wretch to restrain.
On the bowl's bottom then myself
I threw; the most abhorrent elf
Of all that mortals hate or dread;
And thus in horrid whispers said:
Successful ministers I've sent;
Thy hastening ruin to prevent;
Their lessons naught—now here am I,
Think not my threatenings to defy;
Swallow thou this, thy last 'twill be;
For with it thou must swallow ME."

Haggard his eyes; upright his hair;
Remorse his lip; his cheek despair;
With shaking hands the bowl he grasp'd;
My meatless bones his carcass clasp'd,
And bore him to the church-yard, where
Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

DEATH speaks—Ah, reader, dost thou hear?
Hast thou no lurking cause of fear?
Hast not o'er thee the sparkling bowl
Constant, commanding, sly control?
Betimes reflect—betimes beware—
The ruddy, healthful now and fair,
(Reform postpon'd another day)
Too soon may mix with common clay.

110th PSALM.

The Court of Heaven in splendor shone;
Th' Almighty Father, on his throne,
Proclaims his power, his truth, his love,
To man below, to saints above.

My Son on my right hand I've plac'd,
And with transcendent glory grac'd;
Till all his foes, by power o'erthrown,
Their great Redeemer's love shall own—

Our Zion's strength in joy shall rise,
Shall triumph o'er her enemies;
For as the morning's beams can blaze,
The sons of earth shall sound her praise.

The Lord hath sworn; Mortals attend!
Before the blessed mandate bend.
Let your harmonious songs arise;
Your King, your Saviour, never dies!

The Heathen lands his name shall bless,
Their willing tongues his love confess,
The beauties of his throne adore,
When day and night shall be no more.

See prostrate Kings before him bend;
His power all nature's force will rend;
His grace our dying hopes will raise;
Let Earth and Heaven resound his praise.

Augusta, January, 1825.

Parody on "Tho' love is warm awhile."

"Tho' woman loves awhile,
Soon she grows cold;
Nothing will make her smile,
When she can cold.
Oh! who could bear to be
Slighted thus by thee—
Why not that tongue confine,
Ere you grow old!

Woman can never prove
Faithful as fair,
Nor can she fondly love,
Or absence bear—
For when afar we rove,
Absence soon cools her love—
Nor will she ever sing,
"Welcome, DESPAIR!"

Baltimore Herald.

Hog and Bacon.—Sir Nicholas Bacon, a Judge in the time of Queen Elizabeth, was once, while on the Bench, importuned by a criminal to spare his life on account of his kindred. "How so?" asked the Judge. "Because my name is Hog and yours is Bacon, and hog and bacon are so near a kin that they cannot be separated." "Aye," said the Judge, "but you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon until it be well hanged."

Challenging a Jury.—An Irish Col. of Dragoons, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the Jury to whom he had any personal objections he might legally challenge them.—"Faith and so I will," replied the son of Mars; "if they do not bring me off handsomely, I will challenge every man of them."

"I've lost my appetite," said Tom Crib, at Barn's on Thursday, after eating a cubic foot of beef and pudding. "So, you have, Tom," observed a witty Captain; "but, by J—, you've found a wolf!"

A venerable Friend and a dashing buck driving their respective vehicles, met in a narrow road, where neither could pass without the consent of the other. After some dispute as to which should first turn out, the buck drew a newspaper from his pocket and set about perusing it very diligently, upon which the friend with characteristic composure asked, "A Friend, hast thou another paper in thy pocket?" "No!" Then when the buck had done reading the one in thy hand, I would thank thee to loan it to me?"

A debate once took place among the members of the Legislature in one of the middle States, as to how long they should set to dispose of the business before them. Three weeks was at last determined on.—"Why in the name of wonder," inquired a wag at the bar, "do they not set four weeks, like other gosses?"

An Apothecary in Durham has the following words written in his shop window—"All sorts of Dying Stuff sold here."

Human Stature.—Mr. Hennen, of the French academy, wrote an elaborate treatise to prove that our progenitor Adam measured 123 feet, and Eve 118 feet, and that the human stature was gradually diminishing.

Printers of Newspapers are not unfrequently troubled with letters of the following import, although not always clothed in such humorous and sportive language.

POST-OFFICE, S—.

Dear Sir—
I am a subscriber
For your paper,
Has cut a caper,
And has become nemo JIBER.
In plain parlance, has run away,
And left nothing but debts to pay,
Not e'en a pig, or chick, by way of hostage;
So you have lost your paper and I the postage.
New Hampshire Statesman.

VARIETY.

From the N. H. Patriot.
Heroes of the Revolution at Hillsborough, New-Hampshire.
General BENJAMIN PIERCE invited his Revolutionary companions, who are now citizens of the town of Hillsborough, to dine with him on the 25th of December last. The following veterans attended, viz.

Names.	Places of Nativity.	Age.
Ammi Andrews,	Ipswich, Mass.	89
John McColley,	Hillsborough, N. H.	83
James Taggart,	Londonberry, N. H.	81
William Johnson,	Billerica, Mass.	77
William Gamel,	Boston, Mass.	74
James Carr,	Litchfield, N. H.	73
William Taggart,	Merrimack, N. H.	73
William Parker,	Chelmsford, Mass.	72
Thaddeus Munroe,	Billerica, Mass.	71
Thaddeus Goodwin,	Leicester, Mass.	70
Nath'l. Parmeter,	Spencer, Mass.	70
William Dickey,	Londonberry, N. H.	70
Daniel Russell,	Andover, Mass.	70
John Shed,	Dunstable, N. H.	70
Isaac Andrews,	Ipswich, Mass.	69
Daniel Killam,	Wilmington, Mass.	69
Robert Carr,	Litchfield, N. H.	68
Zachariah Robbins,	Westford, Mass.	68
Benjamin Pierce,	Chelmsford, Mass.	66
David Livermore,	Sudbury, Mass.	62
Samuel Merrill,	Manchester, N. H.	59
Nath'l. Johnston,	Andover, Mass.	59

On the arrival of the aged guests they were conducted to an apartment prepared for their reception, where they were met by the General and other of their companions in arms who arrived early, with expressions of heart felt joy and satisfaction. At about 11 o'clock the whole corps had arrived. After having gone through with the usual salutations attending the meeting of friends, though with manifestations of an uncommon degree of feeling, the General made a short address expressive of his satisfaction in meeting under his roof so many friends with whom he served in the revolution. He observed that this day completed 66 years of his life, and that it was not only a very pleasing, but a truly astonishing circumstance, that he should now meet so many of his companions in arms, all citizens of Hillsborough, and only three younger than himself. And concluded by requesting them to put themselves at perfect ease, to rehearse with freedom the feats of the revolution, and recount the perils and dangers which they severally shared.

At half past one o'clock the company repaired to the dinner room and partook of an excellent dinner.

*Designates those, who were in the battle of Bunker Hill.

IRONICAL LIBEL ON THE PRESS.—The celebrated Andrew Marvell gives the following pertinent description of the powers of the press: "The Press, invented much about the same time with the reformation, hath done more mischief to the discipline of our church, than all the doctrine can make amends for. 'Twas an happy time when all learning was in manuscript, and some little officer did keep the keys of the library! Now, since printing came into the world such is the mischief that a man cannot write a book, but presently he is answered. 'There have been ways found, to fine, not only the people, but even the grounds and fields where they assembled: but no art yet could prevent these seditious meetings of letters.' Two or three brawny fellows in a corner, with mere ink and elbow-grease, do more harm, than a hundred systematic divines. Their ugly printing letters, that look like so many rotten teeth, how often have they been pulled out by the public tooth-drawer! And yet these rascally operators of the press have got a trick to fasten them again, in a few minutes, that they grow as firm a set, and as biting and talkative, as ever. O printing! how hast thou disturbed the peace!" Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not so mortal, as when sounded into letters. There was a mistake, sure, in the story of Cadmus; and the serpent's teeth which he sowed were nothing else, but the letters which he invented."

Translated from the Charleston Courier.

FROM "L'HISTOIRE DES CHIENS CELEBRES."

THE CHILLY DOG.

Three large Dogs were kept at the Hotel of Bensancon, to guard the house and the courtways, filled with carriages. During the winter, while expecting travellers, these dogs did not fail to take their station every evening by the kitchen fire—where they accommodated themselves in a snug corner, so as not to interfere with any one.

Youth is said to be improvident and blind to its own interests, which it generally costs something to discover. The smallest of the three dogs came very often the last, and his comrades, extended at full length, had the impoliteness to deny him access to the fire. Although extremely chilly, yet he was not stupefied, and betook himself to this expedient to get the

place of his uncivil companions. One day, having arrived last, and sought in vain to get a place near the fire—and having growled, and even bit the other dogs to make them give him room—he ran to the door, where barking with all his might, he gave an alarm as at the approach of thieves. The two other dogs arose instantly and ran to bark in their turn. While these latter were yelping together, the chilly dog made a leap, took their place at the fire, and left the simpletons his own.

The cunning creature always afterwards employed the same stratagem with like success, to the amusement of travellers frequenting the hotel.

DESCARTES, who regarded brutes as mere machines, had certainly not reflected on the sagacity of dogs. It was sensibly remarked by his niece, "The smallest ape in the world, a mere fly, destroys in an instant all the reasoning of my uncle, that brutes are only machines."

We will quote on this subject the pretty lines of Mademoiselle DESCARTES on a little singing bird, which returned every year with its young ones, to render a sort of homage to the lady who had raised it and given it liberty.

Sweet singing bird—how justly due,
The meed of sentiments to you.
Thou' I offend—my uncle's wrong—
He never heard your grateful song.

From the Phoenix Gazette.

Messrs. Editors.—In a work entitled "Memoirs of the Private Life of Maria Antoinette," published within the last year or two, and said to be the production of one of her intimate female friends, attached too to her household, and who acted no inconsiderable part in the days of that unfortunate Princess, I find the following notice of our countryman, and the Nation's Guest, the illustrious La Fayette. A FRIEND.

"While delight at having given an heir to the throne of the Bourbons, and a succession of fetes and amusements, filled up the days of Maria Antoinette, the community was solely engrossed with the Anglo-American War. Two Kings, or rather their ministers, planted and propagated the love of liberty in the new world; the King of England by shutting his ears and his heart against the continued and respectful representations of subjects at a distance from their native land, who had become numerous, rich and powerful, through the resources of the soil they had fertilized; and the King of France, by giving support to a people in rebellion against their ancient sovereign. Many young soldiers, belonging to the first families of the country, followed La Fayette's example, and broke through all the illusions of grandeur, and all the charms of luxury, of amusements and of love, to go and tender their courage and their information to the revolted Americans.

Beaumarchais, who was secretly seconded by Messieurs de Maurepas and de Vergennes, obtained permission to send out to the Americans supplies of arms and clothing. Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the lucid and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who, to the reputation of a Natural Philosopher, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful woman out of the three hundred was selected to place a crown of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the king's eye, in the exhibition of Severes porcelain. The legend of the medallion was:

Eripuit calo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame; however the countless Diadems having to keep her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American delegate. The Queen spoke out more plainly about the part France was taking respecting the independence of the American colonies and constantly opposed it. Far was she from foreseeing that a revolution at such a distance, could excite one, in which the day would come, when a misguided populace would drag her from her palace, to a death equally unjust and cruel. She only saw something ungenerous in the method which France adopted of checking the power of England.

However, as Queen of France, she enjoyed the sight of a whole people, rendering homage to the prudence, courage, and good qualities of a young Frenchman, and she shared the enthusiasm inspired by the conduct and military success of the Marquis de La Fayette.

The Queen granted him several audiences on his first return from America, and until the 10th of August, on which day my house was plundered, I had preserved some lines from Gaston and Barard, in which the friends of La Fayette, saw the exact outline of his character written by her own hand:

Why talk of youth,
When all the ripe experience of the old
Dwells with him? In his schemes profound and cool,
He acts with wise precaution, and reserves
For times of action his impetuous fire.
To guard the camp, to scale the leagured wall,
Or dare the hottest of the fight, are toils
That suit the impetuous bearing of his youth;
Yet like the grey-haired veteran, he can shun
The field of peril. Still before my eyes
I place his bright example, for I love
His lofty courage, and his prudent thought.
Gifted like him a warrior has no age.

AVOYON.

EXECUTORS SALE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, pursuant to a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Wednesday the ninth day of February next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the Court House, in Paris, so much of the Real Estate of JONAS GORE, late of Boston, in the County of Suffolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Esquire, deceased, as will produce the sum of sixty-one thousand and forty dollars, for the payment of debts and legacies of said deceased and incidental charges.

The Real Estate to be sold, consists of
TEN THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND,
lying in common and undivided in township Numbered Seven, in the County of Oxford aforesaid, and adjoining the town of Rumford.

Conditions of sale made known at the time and place of sale.

Said township is settling fast, and contains a population of more than two hundred inhabitants, and a good road is now made through the town.
CHRISTOPHER GORE, and } Executors.
SAMUEL GORE, and }
By PETER C. VIRGIN, their Attorney.

Jan. 17, 1825.
The above Sale is adjourned to the first Wednesday in March next.

G. C. LYFORD,

At the CHEAP STORE, Court-Street, Portland, HAS JUST RECEIVED, 15 Packages FRESH GOODS, which, with his former stock, will be sold very low. Among the BARBANS, are

2500 yds. stout Brown SHEETINGS, at 12 1/2 cts.
2000 yds. fine do. do. 14 1/2 15 cts.
700 yds. coarse do. SHIRTINGS, 9 cts.
750 yds. stout do. do. 12 1/2 cts.
10 dozen plain MUSLIN HANDKERCHIEFS, from 12 1/2 to 20 cts.

14 dozen figured MUSLIN HANDKERCHIEFS, yard square, at 25 cts each.
1 bale AMERICAN GINGHAM, at 12 1/2 cts.
1 bale do. do. 14.

Light and dark ENGLISH GINGHAM, Calico width, at 12 1/2 cts.
4-4 Cord PINK GINGHAMS, at 25 cts.
Narrow White FLANNELS, at 12 1/2 cts to 14.

Red FLANNELS, from 25 cts to 32 1/2.
100 CASSIMERE SHAWLS, from 75. 6d. to \$3 25.
100 pieces plain and figured BOMBAZETTES.

ALSO.

Blue, Black, Mixt and Drab Broadcloths; Black and Mixt Cassimeres; Ladies' Blue and Drab Habit Cloths; Sattinets, fine assortment; Caroline and Scotch Plaids; Calicoes; Copper-plates; Muslins; Cambrics; Vestings; Silk and Worsted Hosiery; Black Nankin and Canton Crapes; Double Chain Black and Colored Levantines; Black Simchaws and Sarsnets; Changeable and Figured Silks, Norwich and Italian Crapes; an excellent assortment of Gloves; Irish Linens; Long Lavins; Linen Cambrics; Black and White Silk Laces; Thread, Bobbinet and Mechlin Laces; Real Merino Shawls and Mantles; Raw Silk and Worsted Mantles; White and Green Gauze Veils; White and Black Lace Veils; Ribbons; Tapes; Bobbins; Paper and Box Pins; Cotton Baiting; Pease Wadding; Gimps; Cord Plushes; Habit Buttons; Frogs, &c. &c. &c.

Portland, January 17, 1825. 30 cts

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a NOTE, given by the subscriber to J. L. HALL, for the sum of thirty-three or forty-three dollars, dated "June 25th, 1808," said Note is paid, and has either been lost or mislaid, and it was the only note I ever gave to said Hall.

RICHARD WALDRON.

Buckfield, Feb. 14, 1825. 33. 3/4

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.—Greenwood.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of LAND in the town of Greenwood, lying in the North part of said town, formerly known by the name of Raymond's Grant, and in the County of Oxford, that they are taxed in the Bills committed to me the subscriber, Collector for said town, for the years 1823 and 1824, in the respective sums following, to wit:

No. of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax for 1824.	Tax for 1823.	Tax for 1824.	Tax for 1823.
8 1	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
9 3	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
5 4	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
7 8	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
2 5	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
7 5	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
8 5	80	50	0 85	1 09	1 09	1 09
5 6	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
7 6	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
2 7	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
6 8	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
12 9	75	60	1 02	1 17	1 17	1 17
13 9	60	40	0 60	0 54	1 12	1 12
11 1	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
5 2	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
2 4	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
3 4	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
19 4	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
1 7	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
9 7	20	20	0 24	0 57	0 57	0 57
8 8	80	50	0 85	1 01	1 01	1 01
2 9	100	60	1 02	1 02	1 02	1 02
14 4	60	40	0 60	1 12	1 12	1 12

The following Lots, formerly taxed to Capt. Roger Merrill, Unknown, 11 1 100 60 1 02 1 02 1 02 1 02

The following Lots formerly taxed to Stephen Furrington, Esq. Unkn.own, 9 7 20 20 0 24 0 57 0 57 8 8 80 50 0 85 1 01 1 01 2 9 100 60 1 02 1 02 1 02 1 02 14 4 60 40 0 60 1 12 1 12 2 40

Unless said taxes with all the necessary intervening charges are paid to me, the subscriber, on or before Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March, next, so much of said Land as will satisfy the same, will then be sold at Public Auction, at the house of the subscriber, in Greenwood, aforesaid, on said day, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

JOHN SMALL, Collector of Taxes in said town.

Greenwood, Feb. 4, A. D. 1825. 3w 3/4

*These Lots lying in the South part of said town, formerly granted to Phillips' Academy.

†Last end of said Lot lying in the South part of said town, formerly known by the name of Moore's and Haskell's Grant.

VOLUME I.

POETRY.

JONATHAN'S RETURN.

January 14.

Fighten hundred twenty-five
Has gone, and with it all of
May eighteen hundred two
Bring greater bliss to all the
But why complain? your life
And well as others you have
Complain! why 'tis the fact
Show me a man that holds
Shew me a man that e'er re
Who don't complain of these
See Farmer's wife in angry
But ninnepence for the butter
No woman ever yet was will
To make good butter for a
Had men but souls, or wom
They'd raise another Bonap
Raise cheese to ninnepence;
Corn soon would bring at les
Pork at four cents! you dus
Then go and feed the hogs
Ten cents only get for flax,
Why that won't pay the sch
I never saw such times as th
Why men don't wish their w
The chickens too, only five
They us'd to bring as many
The greatest goose that e'er
To sell my goose for a pistor
No money you have got, I kn
What New-Year's present ca
Open the bundle, let me see
Pill warrant you forgot the te
Wife, I believe the pipes a
Open the bundle, let us smok
Come, let us take a little ch
And wish the new, a happy
George, take the horse, and
In season—e're you go to be
A log and wood in order fit
So you won't tumble over it.
Husband, these clothes I fear
Hast you forgot the pity's sal
Come, let us see for the factory
What bargains you in market
Oh dear! an imitation shawl
A beauty, Husband, that baw
Ten pounds of butter only 2
It almost equals camel's hair
I knew I'd please you, wife—
Your goose brought him a spe
Molasses thirty cents, do you
And only fifty-five for tea.
Rum, rectified, my dear, thin
Seven pounds of pork has bou
For eggs, now see the ribbon
A dozen bought a yard and th
You threatened, but your thr
To say they should not lay as
Come, let us be content, I bel
We can live well as ever y
Proceeding in the good old wa
And having no old debts to pa
To keep good stores upon our
Let markets regulate themse
I've bought with what I carrie
As much as ever in my life.
Some folks on others' faults ar
Some people always will be gr
Dear self, with cash to gratify
Would love to see ten thousand
While we have bread and beel
Let those who please heard up
Poor, for base gold, through lif
To leave ungrateful heirs to s

THE REPOS.

From the Portsmouth

WATERLOO.—IN

From a letter to a gentleman

July 30th.

From Brussels I made an

field of Waterloo, a spot m

events it has witnessed, an

tracting to those who have

in the political events of the

Having purchased a plan of

the accessory book of directio

Saturday morning last in a Ca

loo, with a young Frenchman

serve me a Valet de Place.

for me to study my book

road, in order to be familiar

who were engaged in the so

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